

# Academy of Ancient Music,

27th MARCH, 1800.

## TRANSLATION OF THE STABAT MATER of Pergolesi, and the ADESTE FIDELES, AS PERFORMED THIS EVENING.

STABAT Mater dolorosa  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,  
Dumb pendebat Filius.  
Cujus animam gementem,  
Contristatam, et dolentem  
Pertransivit gladius.  
O quam tristis et afflicta  
Fuit illa benedicta  
Mater unigeniti!  
Quæ marebat, et dolebat,  
Et tremebat, cum videbat  
Nati pænas inclyti.  
Quis est homo qui non fletet,  
Christi matrem si videret  
In tanto supplicio!  
Quis posset non contristari,  
Piam Matrem contemplari  
Dolentem cum Filio?  
Pro peccatis suæ gentis,  
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,  
Et flagellis subditum?  
Vidit suum dulcem natum  
Morientem desolatum,  
Dum emisit spiritum.  
Eia Mater, fons amoris!  
Me sentire vim doloris,  
Fac ut tecum lugeam.  
Fac at ardeat cor meum  
In amando Christum Deum,  
Ut sibi complaceam.  
Sancta Mater istud agas,  
Crucifixi fige plagas  
Cordi meo valide.  
Tui nati vulnerati,  
Tam dignati pro me pati,  
Pænas mecum divide.  
Fac me verè tuum flere,  
Crucifixo condolore,  
Donec ego vixero.  
Juxta crucem tecum stare,  
Te libenter sociare  
In planctu desidero.  
Virgo virginum præclara,  
Mihi jam non sis amara,  
Fac me tecum plangere.  
Fac ut portem CHRISTI mortem,  
Passionis fac consortem,  
Et plagas recolare.  
Fac me plagis vulnerari,  
Cruce hac inebriari,  
Ob amorem filii.  
Inflamatus, et accensus,  
Per te, virgo, sim defensus,  
In die judicii.  
Fac me cruce custodiri,  
Morte CHRISTI præmuniri,  
Confoveri gratiâ.  
Quando corpus morietur,  
Fac ut animæ donetur  
Paradisi gloria.

Amen.

UNDER the world's redeeming wood  
The most afflicted Mother stood,  
Mingling her tears with her Son's blood.  
As that stream'd down from ev'ry part,  
Of all his wounds she felt the smart,  
What pierc'd his body, pierc'd her heart.  
Who can with tearless eyes look on,  
When such a Mother, such a Son  
Wounded and gasping does bemoan?  
O! worse than Jewish heart, that shou'd  
Unmov'd behold the double flood  
Of Mary's tears, of Jesu's blood!  
Alas! our sins, they were not his,  
In this atoning sacrifice,  
For which he bleeds, for which he dies.  
When graves did open, rocks did rent,  
When nature, and each element  
His torments, and his grief resent;  
Shall man, the cause of all his pain,  
And all his grief; shall sinful man  
Only insensible remain?  
Ah! pious Mother, teach my heart  
Of sighs and tears the holy art,  
And in thy grief to bear a part.  
That sword of grief that did pass thro'  
Thy very soul, O! may it now  
One kind wound on mine bestow.  
Great Queen of sorrows, in thy train  
Let me a mourner's place obtain,  
With tears to cleanse a sinful stain.  
To heal the leprosy of sin,  
We must the cure with tears begin,  
All flesh's corrupt without their brine.  
Refuge of sinners, grant that we  
May tread thy steps; and let it be  
Our sorrow, not to grieve like thee.  
O! may the wounds of thy dear son  
Our contrite hearts possess alone,  
And all terrene affections drown.  
Those wounds that now the stars out-shine,  
Those furnaces of love divine,  
May they our drossy souls refine;  
And on us such impressions make,  
That we of suffering for his sake,  
May joyfully our portion take.  
Let us his proper badge put on,  
Let's glory in the cross alone,  
By which he marks us for his own.  
That when the dreadful trials come  
For ev'ry man to hear his doom;  
On his right hand we may find room.  
Oh, hear us Mary! Jesu hear!  
Our humble prayers, secure our fear,  
When thou in judgment shalt appear.  
Now give us sorrow, give us love,  
That so prepar'd we may remove,  
When call'd to the blest seats above.

Amen.

ADESTE Fideles,  
Læti triumphantes  
Venite, venite in Bethlehem:  
Natum videte  
Regem Angelorum:  
Venite adoremus,  
Venite adoremus,  
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo,  
Lumen de lumine  
Gestant Puellæ viscera:  
Deum verum,  
Genitum non factum:  
Venite adoremus, &c.

Cantet nunc lo  
Chorus Angelorum:  
Cantet nunc Aula Cælestium  
Gloria  
In excelsis Deo:  
Venite adoremus, &c.

Ergo qui natus  
Die hodiernâ,  
Jesu tibi sit gloria:  
Patris æterni  
Verbum Caro factum:  
Venite adoremus,  
Venite adoremus,  
Venite adoremus, &c.

YE faithful all rejoice and sing,  
To Bethlehem your trophies bring;  
Before the new-born Angels' King,  
Come, let us him adore,  
Come, &c.

True God of God, true light of light,  
Born in womb of Virgin bright:  
Begot, not made, true God of might,  
Come let us him adore,  
Come, &c.

Angelic Choirs, with joy now sing,  
Th' heavenly Courts with echoes ring,  
Glory on high to God our King,  
Come let us him adore,  
Come, &c.

Jesus, whose Life this day begun,  
The Father's co-eternal Son,  
Glory to him, be ever sung,  
Come let us him adore,  
Come, &c.

